

THE Spiritual Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

INTERESTING CONTENTS OF THE LAST NUMBERS OF THE *REVUE SPIRITUALISTE*

M. PIERART has for some time been arduously engaged in bringing out his *Drame de Waterloo*, a volume of 500 pages, in which, with his accustomed love of truth, and an immense amount of research and careful collating of evidence, he has thoroughly exposed and blown to the winds the historic lies and mystifications of Napoleon I. and of Thiers. The work is written with an enthusiasm and eloquence worthy of the subject. M. Piérart, who is a native of that side of France where the last great acts of the dreadful drama of the *Napoleonic* butcheries were enacted, has gone over all the geographical as well as historic ground of that final conflict; and his work, after all that has been written on the subject, is as fresh and living as if produced in 1818 instead of 1868. But the time so absorbingly devoted to his history has thrown his *Revue* into arrears. He is now bringing up his issues at the rate of two in a number, and at very short intervals. The present are the 7th and 8th, leaving four yet due for the year. If, however, M. Piérart fills his laggard numbers with matter as interesting as that of the present two, we shall have nothing to complain of. One of the articles of this double number is called *The History of a Spiritualist*, and that Spiritualist is no other than M. Leon Favre, the Consul-General of France. It is a most remarkable account, and one which is so confirmatory of the principles and constant peculiarities of this mysterious phase of life, that we propose to give it a particular examination after we have noticed some other contents of the *Revue*, which are very worthy of our attention.

A SEANCE WITH MR. HOME.

The *séance* here reported was communicated to M. Piérart by Mr. Gledstanes. It took place in a family circle at Campden Hill. Amongst many of the manifestations at this *séance*, there was extraordinary music played by the spirits, "The March to Calvary," amid the sound of the tramp of many feet, and "The Resurrection," both executed in a manner only to be conceived by those who heard them. Mr. Home was taken up from the floor, wrapped in the window curtains, and suspended for some time in the air. The spirit of a child appeared; presented each of the company with a flower, and asked Mr. Home to go and see his mother. Again, and a third time Mr. Home was floated in the air, and on the last occasion made a cross on the ceiling with a pencil.

A CLAIRVOYANTE ACCUSED OF SORCERY.

M. Piérart copies this curious circumstance from *Figaro*. "Nothing is more difficult, even for justice, than to repress the manœuvres of somnambulism and magnetism. Lately a miner of the Rive-de-Gier having lost a watch, went to a pythoness celebrated in that part of the country. After the customary formalities, she gave him this answer:—' Your watch is in the mine. He who has taken it cleaves wood and attends to the horses. He wears earrings, and to those earrings is attached a small piece of glass. You ought to know him.' 'Yes I know him,' said the man.

"Enchanted at this revelation, the miner paid her six francs, returned to the mine, and caused Claude Dupuy to be arrested, who gave up the watch to him. In addition to the prosecution of the thief, the magistrate instituted one against the pythoness of the Rive-de-Gier. He did not accuse her of the practice of magnetism as a crime, but he charged her with a fraudulent manœuvre. That she had a woman placed in her waiting-room who pumped the facts from the people who came to consult her, and privately repeated them to the divineress. This was, of course, a mere supposition, that of all the incredulous. The miner asserted with indignant energy that he had held no conversation with any one whatever on the subject, before consulting the magnetist, and that full of doubts himself, he had taken care to tell her herself nothing more than the simple fact of the theft. In the face of these affirmatives the charge against the *clairvoyante* fell to the ground, and the tribunal acquitted her. The man who stole the watch, brought to justice by these means, was condemned to three months' imprisonment."

REACTION AGAINST MATERIALISM IN FRANCE.

M. Piérart notices in different publications and in popular lectures unequivocal symptoms of a reaction against the predominant disease of the age, scientific materialism. He quotes the journal *La Solidarité* as entering the list boldly and ably against the prevalent doctrines of disbelief. It says:—"We shall not allow the belated disciples of Holbach and Lamettrie to divide the world of thought into two parts betwixt which every reasonable man has only to choose. For our part we pretend neither to class ourselves with the Materialists nor the Catholics; it is pleasant to us to know that we are not obliged to fall into one or the other of these abysses.

"Now-a-days there are people who think their follies are sanctioned by the mere name of science. But what science? That of Epicurus, a sage without doubt, but what has he produced? What have his morals created? A society or a herd? The true *savants* are modest. They do not believe that with a few notions of physics and chemistry they can solve all problems. Especially, they do not confound life with consciousness, and do not demand that after we have withdrawn morality from the prescriptions of theology we should subject it to spiritual law.

"You pretend," it continues, addressing the Materialists, "to attach yourselves to our 18th century; but the 18th century as you understand it,—the 18th century without Rousseau, whom you continually insult by calling him a weeper, a rhetorician, a mystic,—the 18th century would not have been able to accomplish the Revolution. Do you think then in traversing the Revolution, that you can give your hand to certain individuals concerned in it,—Diderot, Helvetius, Holbach and Naigeon, and can personify them only as the 18th century? No, Voltaire stands sadly in your way, and were it not for his work of criticism and of demolition, you would exclude him too. But was he not at times a Deist and a sentimental?

"Do you know what you do in proscribing Rousseau and in ignoring Voltaire? In attaching yourselves solely to the naturism of Diderot, the materialism of Holbach, the physicism of Helvetius? You deny the two principles which have constituted the virtue of our fathers, and which since '89 are progressively renewing the face of the world. In Rousseau, you reject equality; in Voltaire, liberty! Call yourselves no longer revolutionists, still less men of progress, for how will you introduce any new thing into the world, if you do not know how, by impregnating fact by idea, science by faith, to cause that which ought to be to spring from that which is? As for you, you are

setting up a superannuated materialism against the entire body of philosophy. What do you hope for in endeavouring to reduce the intellectual heritage of humanity to what has been transmitted to us only by intelligence of the second order? Do you not see at the side of, or rather standing aloft above those mere vulgarizers rather than philosophers, rather the soldiers of the idea than the authors of the idea, a whole world of creator spirits, inventors, initiators, revealers, philosophers, *savants*, *artistes* and poets who have made us what we are, and whose heritage it would be at once foolish and ungrateful to reject? No, we are not the children of the 18th century, we are the children of humanity. Let us give our hands to Diderot; so be it, but that shall not cause us to abandon Descartes. We desire not to know whether Leibnitz was greater than Spinoza, whether Plato transcended Aristotle; we desire to know only the ideas which they have brought into the world, and we are not anxious to weigh each individual ray which our intellectual fathers have contributed to the luminous hearth at which we warm ourselves."

This able article concludes by denouncing materialism as a senseless and cheerless act of retrogression, and declaring that the present age requires for the worthy accomplishment of its duty to mankind, the amenities of science united with the sacred fervour of faith as its principle. "But," it adds, "you do not believe in principles, for you admit only the material fact; and you carry into science the spirit of inquisitors.

M. Piérart next quotes a vigorous essay on the immortality of the soul, from the same journal, *La Solidarité*, and follows it up by another showing that Fichte, an authority that Materialists are continually quoting, is anything but a Materialist. The sentiments of Fichte as there given on the nature of death, which he declares to be really a birth, and on the spirit-world as revealed to the soul just entering it, are extremely fine. "In fact," says Piérart, "Fichte was a great Spiritualist as have been many of the noblest intellects of Germany: and one before whom Hegel and his disciples must bow their heads, is Bader, a new man, destined to make an immense revolution in the philosophy of his country."

These selections from *La Solidarité* are concluded by the report of a lecture by M. Chavée in the Hall of the Boulevard des Capucines, on the question of the immortality of the soul in its relation to the sciences of observation. The outline of this lecture is very imposing and we are told that the hall was far from large enough to contain the crush of people who were anxious to hear the courageous professor. This learned discourse, based on historical and philosophical arguments, was concluded

by a brilliant peroration on the greatness of our destinies, and terminated with the words of Dante:—

“Noi siam vermi nati a formar il divino farfallo.”

It is cheering to see the spirit of a better and more rational philosophy thus rising in France. In truth, the stream of science is leading inevitably to the ocean of truth, and its votaries must soon make up their minds to swim or drown.

M. Piérart has a continuation of his article on the history of the medicine of nature, in which, from a host of facts, he shews how many cures the natives of different countries possess, such as positive remedies for the bites of serpents, for the poison of arrows, for fever, gout, rheumatism, &c., which our medical men do not possess because they are too proud to learn from what are called savages; who are, in fact, the pupils of the ages, and the possessors of a Positivism infinitely superior to that of Comte. This knowledge exists in every quarter of the world, and genuine science would collect and adopt it. Surely it would be better to be cured by the practices of savages than left to death or to years of physical torment by the one-sided science of our medical schools.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

(From the *Atlantic Monthly* for August. With Remarks by T. S.)

“MARY CARRICK is an Irish girl, 18 years of age, who came to this country in the month of May, 1867. She is very ignorant, like the most of her class, but quick to learn anything required. Previous to leaving her native land she had, for a short time, lived in a gentleman’s family as a ‘maid of all work,’ and she has always been healthy with the exception of a severe attack of fever occurring a few months before she left home. By a correspondence with the gentleman in whose service she had lived in Ireland, we find that nothing remarkable was ever discovered concerning her, except that at one time she had been a somnambulist, but seemed to have recovered from her tendency to sleep-walking. Immediately upon her arrival, she went to live with a very respectable family in one of the larger towns in Massachusetts. At this time she appeared to be in perfect health. She performed the duties required of her in a most acceptable manner, and nothing whatever in her appearance or behaviour excited particular remark. She seldom left the house, and, at the time when the occurrences we are about to describe took place she did not have the acquaintance of six persons outside the

family. She had lived in this situation about six weeks, when upon the 3rd of July, the bells hanging in the kitchen and communicating with the outside doors and chambers commenced ringing in an unaccountable manner. This would occur at intervals of half an hour or longer, during the day and evening, but not during the night. It was at first attributed to the antics of rats upon the wires. An examination showed this to be impossible; though, to put the matter beyond doubt, the wires were detached from the bells; but the ringing went on as before. These bells hang near the ceiling of a room eleven feet high. They never rang unless the girl was in that room or the adjoining one, but were often seen and heard to ring when different members of the family were present in the room with the girl. The ringing was not a mere stroke of the bell, but there was a violent agitation of all the bells, such as might have been produced by a vigorous use of the bell-pulls, had they been connected. A careful examination by the writer and others showed that there was no mechanism or other appliance by which the ringing could be produced.

"A few days after the bell-ringing commenced frequent loud and startling raps were heard, which seemed to be on the walls, doors, or windows of the room where the girl might be at work. The noises thus produced were quite as loud as would ordinarily follow a smart application of the knuckles to any article of wood. They were heard by all the members of the family, and many others whom curiosity prompted to come in for the purpose of verifying, by their own senses, what they were slow to believe. These occurrences increased from day to day, and became a source of great annoyance. The girl, ignorant as she was, and naturally superstitious, became very much excited; and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be kept in a comparative state of calmness during her wakeful hours, while in her sleep at night she was continually raving. She wept very much, protested that she had no action in the occurrences, and begged of the family not to send her away, for she had not a single friend in the country to whom she could go, and none of her countrymen would take her in, for the matter had already become notorious, and they shunned her as they would the Evil One himself. Several applications were made by professed Spiritualists, offering to take the girl, and provide for her; but it was not deemed advisable to place her under such questionable supervision. It was finally decided to retain her, and try to endure the disagreeable phenomena which, as will be seen, were only the beginning of troubles. It should be stated that the raps referred to followed the girl from room to room, and could be heard in her chamber at night, when she was found to be in a

profound sleep. Thus had matters gone on for nearly three weeks, when occurrences of a more extraordinary character began to take place. Chairs were upset, crockery-ware thrown down, tables lifted and moved, and various kitchen utensils hurled about the room. No particular record of these occurrences was made until August 1st; after which time, and until the phenomena had entirely ceased, accurate daily memoranda were noted, from which some extracts are here taken:—

“ ‘ On the 5th of August, Mary was washing clothes, when a bench, having upon it two large tubs filled with water, was suddenly moved several inches. The lid of a copper wash-boiler was repeatedly thrown up, when the girl was not near enough to touch it. These occurrences were observed by different members of the family. August 6th, Mary was ironing. The table at which she worked continually lifted itself, and troubled her so much that she took her work to another table, where the same operation was repeated, and her flat iron, which she left for a moment, was thrown to the floor.’ This annoyance was always repeated whenever she worked at ironing, and more or less at other times. It was seen by all the members of the family and other persons. The writer saw the table thus lifted when neither the girl nor any other person was near enough to touch it. It has happened when a child, nine years of age, was sitting upon it, and also when persons have tried to hold it down. This *lifting* propensity seemed to communicate itself to everything movable. The covers to the wood-box and wash-boiler were constantly slamming. A heavy soapstone slab, one and a half inches thick, weighing forty-eight pounds, which formed the top of a case of drawers, was often affected in a similar manner. ‘ On the 6th of August, as Mary was putting away the tea things, and about to place a metallic tray filled with dishes upon this slab, it suddenly flew up and struck the bottom of the tray with such force as to upset the dishes upon it.’ This was seen by one of the family, and frequently occurred afterwards. The stone would also often be thrown up violently when Mary was at work at the sink near it. On the last occasion that this happened—August 25th—the writer was seated near to it, and watching for the movement, which had been repeated several times within an hour. Suddenly it raised itself and fell with great force, breaking in two through the centre, Mary at the moment being in the act of wringing out her ‘ dish-cloth.’ Soon after one half of the same was thrown to the floor; and the fragments were then thrown out of the house on the ground, where they remained quiet. This peculiarly active stone, it should be added, had a few days previous been taken from its place, and laid upon the floor of a room adjoining, with a heavy

bucket placed upon it; but, as the same movements continued, it was replaced in its position for the purpose of noticing the effect, and with the result before stated. It had also, at one time, been fastened in its place by wooden clamps, which were forcibly torn away.

"It is moreover worthy of particular notice, that another soap-stone slab, in which the copper wash-boiler is set, and which had become loosened from the brick-work, was split and thrown to the floor in like manner; showing that the force, whatever it may be, has a striking effect upon this kind of material. A piece of the same, weighing several pounds, was also thrown into the kitchen from the wash-room, no person being in the latter room at the time. A common cherry table, standing against the wall in the kitchen, often started out into the room, and at one time was hurled completely over upon its top. On the 20th of August the table movements occurred many times. On this day a large basket filled with clothes was thrown to the floor. A small board, used for scouring knives, hanging against the wall, was thrown quite across the kitchen. The doors were continually slamming unless locked or latched. August 26 and 27 were very stirring days, there being hardly a half-hour of quiet. The rappings (which occurred daily) were particularly vigorous on these days. The chairs, and other moveables, were thrown about; a large wash-tub, filled with clothes soaking, was thrown from the wash-form to the floor, and emptied of its contents; a stool, having upon it a pail filled with water, moved itself along the floor; a porcelain-lined kettle, standing in the sink, was lifted over the side, and dropped upon the floor. The moveable furniture in the girl's room was so much agitated, that, with the exception of the bedstead, it was all taken from the room for the sake of quiet. The foregoing are a few only of the various phenomena occurring from the 3rd to the 27th of August, there being but one day during the whole time when nothing of the kind took place. On the date last mentioned the girl was sent away for two days, to observe what the effect might be. On the evening of the 29th she returned, and reported that she had not seen or heard anything unusual during her absence. It should also be remarked that the family experienced no trouble while she was away. But, within two hours after her return the demonstrations again commenced. It is needless to follow them further in detail. It is sufficient to say that similar scenes to those of the previous days and weeks were daily repeated from the date of her return until the night of September 12, when her nervous system succumbed, and she was suddenly seized with a violent attack of hysteria. During the paroxysm, which continued two or three hours, she was in

an unconscious state, and could be restrained upon her bed only by the combined strength of her attendants. After the subsidence of the paroxysm, she slept quietly until morning. For several days she remained in a very excited state, and on the nights of the 15th and 17th there was a return of the paroxysm, but without a loss of consciousness. These attacks were not characterized by any very peculiar symptoms, excepting, perhaps, a very distressing sensation referred to the base of the brain. From time to time she would seize the hand of her attendant, and press it upon the back of her head, and at the same time complain of strange noises. She also had severe attacks of bleeding at the nose, which seemed in some measure to relieve her.

"From the date of her prostration until her removal to an asylum, on the 18th, no phenomena occurred. At the end of three weeks she was thought to be sufficiently recovered to return to her work; and pity for her condition, as well as curiosity to observe if the phenomena would return, induced the family to receive her back to service again. She returned in a very happy frame of mind, and comparatively calm; but it was noticed that she was quite nervous, and would start suddenly at any little noise at all resembling the rappings or movements of furniture which had formerly so much annoyed her, and driven her to the verge of insanity. But none of the phenomena ever again occurred. She seemed very well, grew very fleshy, and performed her duties with alacrity. Being desirous of learning to read and write, a member of the family undertook the task of teaching her. She proved a very apt scholar, and made remarkable progress. At times, however, she complained of great distress in her head; but nothing of a serious nature occurred until some six weeks after her return, when, on the night of the 28th of November, she had an attack of *somnambulism*, it being the first instance of the kind since coming to this country. She arose and dressed herself, went to the room of her mistress, and asked permission to go out to clean the outside of the windows. Her condition was at once discovered, and she was with some difficulty induced to go back to bed. She remembered nothing of this in the morning. On the following and for five consecutive nights this was repeated. At about the same hour of the night she would get up, go downstairs—usually in her night-dress, with no light—and go about her work. She would sweep rooms, dust clothing, scour knives, go out of doors (cold weather as it was), and brush the steps, sit down in the darkness and study her reading and spelling lesson, and finally, in an hour or two, return to bed. On the fifth night, however, nature gave out, and she again passed into the condition of

hysteria. She was again conveyed to the asylum, where she now remains, though she seems to have entirely recovered, and is there employed as a housemaid. So much for the facts in this extraordinary case,—facts well attested and beyond contravention. As to a theory of the 'moving cause' we have none. But we now proceed to give results of observations and experiments bearing upon the case, referring their explanation to those competent to give an opinion. At an early stage of the phenomena we sought to trace their production to electricity, and the results of some experiments seemed to give support to this theory. It has already been stated that the rappings were repeatedly heard in the girl's room by members of the family who went in after she was asleep. The noises seemed to be on the doors, and sometimes on the footboard of the bedstead; and at times, as they came very loud, she would start in her sleep, and scream as though in the utmost terror.

"Conceiving the idea that the sounds might be produced electrically, the writer caused the bedstead to be perfectly insulated by placing the posts upon glass. The effect was all that could be desired. Although the raps continued to follow her all day from room to room and to her chamber at night, yet, so soon as she was fairly in bed, everything of the kind ceased. For six weeks or longer the bedstead was kept thus insulated; and no raps were ever heard, except once, when an examination showed the insulation to be destroyed, one of the posts having slipped off the glass. It was replaced with the same effect as before. Another experiment, similar to the one described was tried. The cherry table in the kitchen before alluded to, at which Mary took her meals, was nearly always agitated when she sat down to eat. At such times, also, the rappings were very loud and frequent, troubling her so much that she had no desire to eat. On one or two occasions this was peculiarly the case, and a remedy for it was sought in insulation. The table and her chair were placed on glass; but before she was ready to sit the former suddenly jumped off the insulators but was at once replaced, when she took her seat and was able to finish her meal in peace, there being no movements and no raps. This was afterwards repeated with the same success. It was evident that, whatever force this might be,—whether electricity or not,—there did seem to be some sort of attraction between the girl and these inanimate objects of wood, stone, iron and other material, which set them in motion whenever she was near them, and they were not insulated. In this connection it should be noticed that the movements of furniture, &c., seldom occurred in rooms with woollen carpets on the floors, but were mostly confined to rooms with bare floors or oil carpets and

matting. The raps, also, were more frequent and louder in such rooms. In the daily journal, which was kept, the state of the weather each day was carefully noted, and for a time it was thought that the phenomena were much more frequent on a clear day than on a damp or sultry one; but a careful study of that record shews that some of the most marked and violent demonstrations actually occurred on very rainy days, though the latter were generally more quiet than the days of fair weather. Thus it would seem that the phenomena, though appearing in some degree electrical, did not in all cases follow the known laws of electricity.

"The writer has heretofore stated that he is a thorough sceptic concerning the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism. The same may be said of every member of the large family (ten persons) in which these things occurred. With the exception of the girl herself, no one of the household ever became in the least degree nervous, much less inclined to believe that the spirits of the departed had returned to earth only to make their presence known by means so palpably ridiculous. But the Spiritualists, of whom there are many in the community where these occurrences took place, became very much exercised about the matter. The family were excessively annoyed at frequent applications from this class of persons for the privilege of coming in to witness the 'manifestations,' as they call them, and to see the girl. But not one of them was ever admitted, nor has the girl ever yet held any communication with a person of this character. Of Spiritualism she had never heard in the old country, and when any one spoke of 'mediums,' she seemed to have an idea that they were something dreadful to contemplate. But although no Spiritualists were invited to enlighten us, we did on three occasions hold 'circles' among ourselves, being willing to test the matter. At such times, seated around a large dining-table with the poor simple-hearted and terror-stricken girl in the midst, we in all seriousness went through the farce of inviting communications from the spirits present. Occasional raps were heard, questions were put, and the alphabet used after the most approved manner of those mysterious circles, but without ever eliciting the first gleam of intelligence; and the conclusion was reached, that, if there were any spirits present, their education must have been sadly neglected while on the earth, and that no improvement had been made since they had passed into the other world. But this folly was soon given up, having only resulted in highly exciting the girl, whose nervous system had now reached a terrible state. Day by day she became more and more excited and rapidly lost flesh. She would complain of great distress in her head and of

great noises in her ears. At times she would sink into a sort of lethargy bordering upon the 'trance state.' But she still kept about her work. One of the ladies of the house was in the habit of going to church to practise organ-playing, and sometimes took Mary to 'blow,' with which she was quite delighted; but the great difficulty at such times was to keep her awake, the music made her so sleepy; and this peculiarity was noticed, that, so long as the organ was played softly, she was wakeful, and performed her part at the 'bellows,' but when the loud playing commenced, she invariably became sleepy, and the failing wind would soon give notice that she had sunk into slumber. At night, in her sleep, she would sing for hours together, although she had never been heard to sing in her wakeful moments, being in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"We have spoken of her somnambulistic habits. To this should be added still another *accomplishment*, that of 'clairvoyance.' The most marked instance of the latter was shown in a declaration by her, that a young lady member of the family, who had been absent in a distant city for several weeks, was sick. She seemed in great distress of mind about it, but was assured that she had just been heard from and was quite well. But she would not be quieted, and declared that the young lady was ill, and suffering much from a very bad sore upon her hand. And this proved to be exactly as she had stated, and is only another evidence of this extraordinary power, of which science now allows the existence, though it cannot fully explain it. These things are mentioned here simply on account of the possible bearing they may have on the physiological aspect of this remarkable case. The question may be asked, Why during the long continuance of these strange phenomena, which occurred nearly every day for a period of ten weeks, was no scientific investigation instituted? We answer, that such a one was sought for by the family and others interested. At the end of four weeks from the commencement of the phenomena a plain statement of facts was made in writing, and submitted with proper indorsement to two of the learned professors of one of our educational institutions, with the request that some proper person might be sent to witness and experiment. To our surprise the communication was treated with contempt, and returned with the statement that we were being imposed upon; that such things could not take place save through the agency of some person; they advised constant watchfulness in order to discover the 'trickery.' As may be supposed, after meeting with such a rebuff, a second attempt to invoke the assistance of these wise men would not soon be made. However, acting upon the only advice they did volunteer, 'constant watchfulness' was maintained; the girl being watched in every available manner to detect the

tricks, if any were attempted. It is sufficient to say that the question of her honesty and innocence in the matter was put beyond a shadow of doubt. It was at this time that a daily journal of the occurrences was commenced, and continued so long as the phenomena lasted; and from this journal the instances noticed in these pages are taken."

Were this case now first published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, we should expect it to be received with the same scornful incredulity with which other narratives we have given, knowing them to be true, have been encountered. But as it appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the leading magazine on the American Continent, and in high repute among ourselves, it will perhaps command a little more attention. The case is similar to that of Angelique Cottin, of which the account given by Arago, has been often quoted; and to that of Charlotte Smith, the "Infant Magnet," as she was called, which excited much attention a few years ago;—by simple contact, and without the slightest effort, she would lift heavy irons, chairs and other articles, despite the efforts of the strongest men to prevent it; but when completely insulated the power altogether ceased. We do not say that these physical phenomena are of spiritual origin; so far as reported there is no evidence to connect them with intelligence. That Mary Carrick is a natural medium (as Charlotte Smith has proved to be) we do not doubt, and had she been placed under the care of intelligent Spiritualists the links wanting to complete the chain of evidence would in all probability have been supplied. That no intelligence was elicited at the sham circle held by the family in which she was the servant is no presumption to the contrary, when we consider that the primary conditions were wanting,—that instead of being at ease in a passive or receptive state, the poor simple-hearted girl was seated, "highly excited," and "terror-stricken," in the midst of a circle sceptical and hostile to the belief in spirit-communication, who regarded it as "folly," and who, the writer tells us, "in all seriousness went through the *farce* of inviting communications from the spirits present."

It is amusing to note the simplicity with which the writer records "our surprise" at "the contempt" with which "the communication was treated" by the "learned professors" to whom a plain statement of the facts with proper indorsement had been submitted; apparently quite oblivious to the circumstance that they were only treating it in the same spirit manifested by himself "concerning the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism," and which he displayed to those Spiritualists who applied for the privilege of being admitted to see the girl and witness the phenomena. His testimony, however, to the facts—being that of

a "thorough sceptic" to this doctrine—is the more valuable. We are glad to learn from him "that science now allows the existence of clairvoyance, though it cannot fully explain it;" which must be very condescending on the part of science after having so long declared clairvoyance, as it now declares Spiritualism, to be "impossible."

We trust that our "thorough sceptic to the so-called doctrine of Spiritualism" may be led to continue his investigations. In accepting clairvoyance he is already on the threshold of Spiritualism. If the correct description of distant persons and of what has happened to them proves this doctrine of clairvoyance, correct descriptions of persons unknown to the clairvoyant who have departed this life equally proves the doctrine of Spiritualism,—that the vision of the seer transcends the conditions of matter as well as the conditions of space.

Whatever may be the elements or forces concerned in the production of such physical phenomena as is related in the case above given, there is abundant evidence to shew that under proper conditions, and in circles for genuine investigation, invisible beings employ these elements and forces, use them for definite ends, and superinduce manifestations of intelligence, volition and personal identity. As in the phenomena described in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "learned professors," may ignore this, may deny that these things can take place or attribute them to imposture; but in good time we shall no doubt be told, as the writer of this article tells us of clairvoyance—"Of this extraordinary power, science now allows the existence, though it cannot fully explain it." We congratulate him that in recognizing the reality of clairvoyance, and the genuineness of the physical phenomena he has placed before us, he has at all events crossed the *pons asinorum* and parted company with the professors.

SEPARATION.

And yet this may be less so than appears,
 This change and separation. Sparrows five
 For just two farthings, and God cares for each.
 If God is not too great for little cares,
 Is any creature, because gone to God?
 I've seen some men veracious, nowise mad,
 Who have thought or dreamed, declared and testified
 They've heard the dead a-ticking like a clock,
 Which strikes the hours of the eternities,
 Beside them, with their natural ears, and know
 That human spirits feel the human way,
 And hate the unreasoning one which waves them off
 From possible communion. It may be.

Mrs. BROWNING.

TWELVE MONTHS' SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

By J. H. POWELL.

PART II.

IN my last communication I promised to detail some experiences with Anderson, the spirit-artist, and other mediums.

I gladly availed myself of a complimentary ticket to a *soirée* at Mr. Anderson's rooms for the benefit of one of the New York Spiritualist societies. Before the programme of the evening began, I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. The former is tall, dark, with dreamy expression of countenance; the latter a short spare woman, quick in thought, and of an extremely sensitive nature. Mr. Anderson kindly took me into his picture gallery, and into the room in which he sits, with the room darkened, pencil in hand, for portraits of the departed. His wife sits in a room immediately under him. Both enter the entranced state, and remain so during the sitting; meantime, through Mr. Anderson's hand some portion of a picture is transferred to the paper, which is pinned against the wall. The picture may be finished in one or two sittings, or it may take many sittings, according to size and work. I saw some pictures life-size, which took them nearly twelve months, and required numerous sittings. It is probable that either could obtain pictures alone, as both are mediums, but not with such rapidity and perfection. This, I think, will be readily understood by those who have studied the philosophy of magnetism.

I could only take a cursory glance at the various pictures in Mr. Anderson's gallery, before the entertainment in the room below commenced; but Mr. Anderson having promised to favour me with a sitting, I determined to reserve till then a closer inspection of them. On my second visit I found Mr. and Mrs. Anderson at leisure, and gleaned from them various particulars of their past history.

Mr. Anderson's development commenced in the workshop; he was engaged as a coach-painter, had little knowledge of painting, and no faith whatever in Spiritualism. One day a gentleman entered the shop or factory where our coach-painter was at work, and left in his charge a large sheet of drawing paper, promising to call for it in the course of an hour or so. During the interim, Anderson went to sleep, and awoke somewhat confused. The gentleman called for the drawing paper, when, to his amazement, he found upon it a well-

executed likeness of a deceased friend. He called Anderson, but Anderson was as ignorant of how the painting was produced as himself. Soon after this incident spirits began to appear to him, and hold audible converse. He was told that he must quit coach-painting for portrait-painting. He obeyed, and thus launched on the ocean of Spiritualism.

After our conversation closed, Mr. Anderson fetched a large sheet of drawing paper, and bade me tear off a corner. I did so. He then left me to inspect the various pictures in the gallery, whilst he and his good lady went to sit for a spirit-drawing. I took note of my watch. In 28 minutes, Anderson brought me a drawing of an ethereal face, the head wreathed in flowers. On inquiry, I learned that the picture was intended for my little girl, Marion, who went to the angels at the age of 17 months. I think I never saw a more spiritual face. I looked at it a long time but could not trace a likeness. Had Marion lived in the form she would at that time have been about 14 years of age. Charles H. Forster described her as about 16. Anderson's portrait was about the same age, to all appearance. My wife, had she seen it, might possibly have traced some resemblance to our child; as it was, I could not accept the picture as a test, although I admired it much, and could feel only delighted to think that my cherub in heaven looked so divinely beautiful.

It is proper to say in this place, that I have in my travels met several persons who have had pictures from Anderson, which they declare to be very like the persons for whom they were intended. I afterwards, through Mansfield, was told by the alleged spirit of Marion, that her grandfather's spirit said that her likeness was a good one, excepting a little too much length in the outline. Putting aside the question of recognition, I was astounded at the rapidity with which the picture was produced. The wreath of flowers, circling the head, I am convinced would have taken any ordinary artist several hours.

I saw several letters speaking in the highest terms of pictures taken by Anderson. One from Robert Dale Owen states, that at the request of Mr. Anderson he tore two corners from a piece of drawing paper, and after 28 or 30 minutes, Mr. Anderson brought him a correct likeness of a friend who had been in the spirit-world 37 years. Mr. Owen makes this statement without the solicitation of Mr. Anderson, hoping it may do him good. I remarked to Mr. Anderson that I thought I understood the philosophy of allowing persons for whom he sits to tear off a corner or two of the drawing paper. My theory is that the person requiring a spirit-likeness, by handling the paper, and retaining a portion, connects his or her magnetism with the spirit and spirit-artists controlling the

medium. He agreed with me; adding that sceptics who sat for portraits believed that by holding a corner or two of the paper, they had satisfactory means of detecting imposition.

There is one picture life-size, which should be photographed. It is the portrait of an Indian chief. He stands up full dressed, pipe in hand, and feathers girdling his waist. There are pencil touches in it which I think could not be surpassed. There is also a picture of an Indian squaw, smaller, yet life-size: it is well executed, but pales before that of the great chief. Two portraits of Benjamin Franklin, a few smaller pictures, and a few heads, make up the gallery. I was permitted to inspect an unfinished picture of a group of spirit-figures. It bids fair to eclipse any I had seen as a work of art. I particularly noticed the almost inimitable delicacy and naturalness of detail in Mr. Anderson's best pictures. Nothing seemed either omitted or overdone. Each told the whole story it was intended to convey.

Mrs. Anderson is also a *clairvoyante* and developing medium. I was invited to sit with her. Marion came to me, bearing a banner with the motto, "*Truth and Justice—ever upward and onward.*" She was followed by little "Violet," a child spirit, who interested me much with her quaint remarks, which betokened a wisdom above the average of children on earth.

I could not count on my fingers the number of mediums, neither can I remember the names of some of them, who, at different times and places have described my spirit-friends, and especially darling Marion. Before I proceed with my own experiences, I transcribe a letter written, sealed, and sent to Mr. Mansfield, by my little girl Jessie, under nine years of age, and posted from Vineland, N. J.

Vineland, Box 158, N. J.

MY DEAR SISTER MARION,—Do you know the pleasure it gives me in being able to write to you? and do you know how I long to see you, and to know all about your beautiful spirit-home? I do so often wish I had a sister here in this world, that I could talk to and play with. Do you think you will be able some day to write through me?—and do you love me?—and do you love Harry, and George, and Baby? We all love you dearly, and talk about you almost every day. Do you remember Walter, how he used to play with you, and love you, and your aunt Ellen? Will you send them both a little message?

My dear sister Marion,
I hope you are well;
And if you are,
I pray you tell.

Accept a sweet kiss of
love, from Mother, Harry, George,
Baby, and me.

From your loving sister,
JESSIE POWELL.

The above letter was accompanied with a private one to Mr. Mansfield, containing a couple of little pictures, cut out from an old almanac, which Jessie in perfect simplicity desired

him to give to Marion for her. I had nothing to do with the correspondence whatever. I was at the time nearly five hundred miles from home.

Through Mr. Mansfield came this answer to the sealed letter:—

MY DARLING SWEET SISTER—How can I sufficiently thank you for allowing me to come to you through this mortal source? When dear grandfather Powell came to me, and said, "My dear angel grandchild, haste—haste away to talk with thy little sister, Jessie, who has succeeded in opening an avenue that reaches from earth to Summer-land: she has placed herself receptive to favourable conditions, and is just outside awaiting you;" so frantic with delight was I, I could not for a moment reply to my dear grandfather; but collecting myself as best I could, I started off in haste for this medium, who now acts as amanuensis for me to talk with you, and my dear father, mother, and brothers. O! my darling sister, many years ere you was born, I had become a dweller of the shadowy realms; and no one was more delighted than your spirit-sister Marion, when it was announced I had a sister in mortal form. Day by day would I come to you, and dear mother, and fancy myself really with you. But you could not quite see me; so, year after year, have I visited you, and our dear parents, and all that I could possibly do to harmonise and bless your surroundings, have I done.

Grandma', darling one, is so kind—so fond of me; she calls me to her almost daily, and we go hand in hand all over these beautiful plains—through shady groves—along the banks of beautiful, and yet deep rivers. Sometimes we take grandpa' with us, and not long since we were accompanied by Sacha, the once and will-be-again wife of that dear Mr. Hone, the pioneer of Spiritualism in Europe. She is a dear spirit; the pet of all that know her. Oh! my dear, sweet sister Jessie, I long to have you with me in Summer-land, and yet I see your years are many on earth. But be they few or many, they will soon pass by, and you, and mother, father, Harry, George, and baby will join our happy circle, never more to be separated.

When you think of me, do not think of me as dead and buried underneath the shade of that cold, dark, and dismal wall, where they placed all that was mortal of your spirit-sister; but imagine me in my spirit-home in Summer-land; think too, my dear sister, that you will come here by-and-by, and find a bower too beside mine, that I have builded and embellished with rosebine and evergreen, for you, my sweet sister Jessie.

Now again, I wish to impress on your mind, and the same on the minds of all the dear family, I am not now the little child I was fourteen years ago. I am in stature as large or as tall as I would have been had I tarried in the body-form until the present time.

I have several times attempted to shew myself in such a way that I could impress my personal appearance on the medium, and have but once succeeded. Father has seen the attempt, but cannot recognize it as being his sweet Marion. But it is a faithful likeness, so says grandfather, with one exception, that is the length of the features; grandfather says they are too round for my face now, other than that, they could not be improved upon. Will you thank the artist and his dear companion, for allowing me to come to them as I did. I will bless them ever.

Now, my dear sister, you would know "if I will ever be able to write through your hand." As to that, I will say I hope so. Tell mother I will through her, if she will allow me to shew confidence in her medium power.

I do not remember about Walter playing, I may after a while. Say to Walter and aunt E., that we shall meet again.

Kiss dear father and darling mother, and our brothers, for me. Accept thousands for your own dear self, my sister Jessie.

From your sister in Spirit-land,

MARION POWELL.

I thank you—I thank you for your pictures.—MARION.

To me this correspondence between my little daughter Jessie and her spirit-sister is exceedingly interesting. I present the correspondence (which I have copied *verbatim*), leaving the reader to form his own conclusions. Mr. Mansfield's mediumship in answering sealed letters, I have already described in my former paper.

I accepted an engagement to lecture two Sundays in Brooklyn, and for the first time availed myself of the opportunity of visiting Plymouth Church to hear Henry Ward Beecher. I was highly interested in the sermon, which was as full of Spiritualism as one could wish, and in which he especially protested against the gross belief in the resurrection of the physical body. The church is large and circular, capable of accommodating nearly 2,000 people. There is no preacher on this Continent so popular as Henry Ward Beecher; wherever he speaks the church or lecture-hall is full to overflowing.

At one of my lectures at Brooklyn I met an old gentleman, Mr. J. P. Wilkinson, verging on 80. He had come from the country for the first time to sit with a medium, and I suppose mine was the first lecture on Spiritualism he had ever heard. I met him at a private house the next day, when he told me, with tears streaming from his aged eyes, of his experiences with a Miss Griffin, a medium, residing at Brooklyn; and he handed me a communication from his son in the spirit-life. Here it is:—

Yet a little while I am with you now; yet it will not be a very great while, ere you will be with me, and my mother too. My death was like going to sleep quiet and peaceful. What rest—what happiness I enjoy! Still it could not be so if denied the privilege of visiting you.

There is nothing happens by chance here. Oh, no! It was right for me to go. My dear father, forgive me if I was not always right: I was too fond of my own way. I am carrying out all my plans here. Don't grieve for me; it makes me feel sad. But when you sit down in the quiet evening, and think of me, do not think me lost; I am around you, infinitely more happy than I could have been on earth; surrounded by every advantage—wonderfully cared for. There are few who live right in this world. If I had lived, I would not have been all you anticipated for me. . . . Now, just look at it, father. Suppose I had lived—gone into the world, as I desired—how much worse you would feel than you do now to see me cheat and do wrong, like the world. God doeth all things well. You will not have to part from me: I will come to you: it will be a happy meeting. You will know then that you have been blest, for often when mortals are in the greatest sorrow, the Lord is blessing them most. Keep a good heart. Bright angels are around you. They bless you; for you are good to those that need your help. It is not time for you to come here yet. The angels give you a good work in the world yet; and that you sow in weakness will be raised in power. I am very sorry that I can't take some of your work. . . . You are going away from here; but you are not going away from me. Remember, you can't go without me.

I asked Mr. Wilkinson how he was satisfied that the spirit of his son made this communication? He said the medium

gave the right name, "George," and personated the manner of his death by placing her hands firmly upon her head, and taking on herself the character of one dying from concussion of the brain. This was entirely satisfactory, for "George," who was a bricklayer or mason, lost his life from the fall of a chimney pot on his head.

I was struck with the manifest pleasure and grief of the old man, and parted with him assured that he had found a consolation in Spiritualism worth more than gold and silver.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

ABRAHAM JAMES, THE MEDIUM.

The practical in Spiritualism in a worldly sense is exceptional. Spiritualism commands as a rule no worldly rewards. On the contrary, those who have taken a prominent part in the dissemination of this, as yet, unpopular truth, have been called upon to make many sacrifices in their efforts to sustain and to promulgate it. Even the professional mediums—most of whom have been irresistibly pressed into its service—obtain but little of this world's goods, and all who enter its portals must be content to receive their reward in something better than the mere worldling seeks for.

There are, however, instances where wealth has followed from direct spiritual guidance; and the most remarkable of this character are those discoveries made through the mediumship of Mr. Abraham James—*viz.*, the Artesian Well at Chicago, and the Oil Wells in Pennsylvania.

Mr. James's history is a highly interesting one. Of comparatively humble parentage and with a country-school education only, he commenced life on his father's farm at Chester, a small village in Pennsylvania. Leaving home he wandered about to various places, filling first a clerkship, then, having improved himself by study, he became teacher in a school, and afterwards conductor upon a railroad, commanding in all situations the regard and esteem of his employers, and bearing at all times the character of a steady, truthful young man.

In his wanderings he visited California, and there he made the acquaintance of Mr. James Chandler, who introduced to him for the first time the subject of Spiritualism, and lent him Andrew Jackson Davis's first book—*Nature's Divine Revelations*—the perusal of which opened his mind to new thoughts and to the memory of some strange personal experiences which had occurred in past years. Returning to the Northern States he met a friend who was a confirmed Spiritualist, and by him James was induced to visit a test medium, who was influenced to enact the precise scene and incidents which accompanied his mother's last hours. The medium, controlled by the spirit of his mother (who was a Quakeress), then addressed Mr. James, giving him unmistakable proofs of her identity, and concluded an earnest appeal to be true to the "silent voice within," in the following prophetic words:—"Thou art a medium thyself, and if obedient to heavenly visions vouchsafed unto thee, and to the teaching of thy spirit guides, thou shalt prove a blessing to the children of men, and departing, leave foot-prints precious with sacred memories."* This lady and "other noted mediums, not only revealed in a distinct manner his own mediumship, and the spiritual import of past premonitions and prophetic visions, but gave to his aspirational nature golden glimmerings of the great work he was commissioned to accomplish."

From this time Mr. James's spiritual gifts rapidly developed; he soon found that he possessed nearly every phase of mediumship, including trance, clairvoyance, drawing, speaking inspirationally and in many foreign languages, being in his normal condition unacquainted with any but the English tongue.

Mr. George A. Shufeldt, of Chicago, says of him—"He is a simple-minded man, perfectly truthful and upright in his character with a full knowledge of the man—his antecedents, education, history—I know it to be a perfect impossibility for him in his natural state or unaided by the higher powers, to do what he has done and what he is doing every day of his life." At this time (1865) Mr. James was at Chicago, where it is known he discovered the Artesian well, which now, it is said, supplies that city with a million and a half gallons of the finest water per day.† It is stated upon the authority of the same writer, and confirmed by hundreds of witnesses, that Mr. James, without any knowledge of the art of drawing or the science of geology, drew a series of maps illustrating the formation and stratification of the earth's crust

* *Vide Biographical Sketch of Abraham James*, by J. M. PEEBLES, a very interesting book recently published.

† See *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. I., New Series, page 3.

in that vicinity, before the work was commenced, and which proved subsequently when boring for the spring (discovered at the depth of 700 feet), to be strictly accurate and truthful. These drawings are said to be artistic, though they were done with great rapidity (the medium being unconscious, in a state of trance), "with from two to six pencils, and with one or both hands, each pencil doing a separate part of the work at the same time. It makes no difference whether it be in the light or dark, and indeed the best pictures are done in a dark room."

THE OIL WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The discovery made a few years ago of petroleum in Pennsylvania has been a mine of wealth to some of the adventurers; but as they sink their wells by guess work from surface examinations many have failed, and much labour and capital have been wasted.

The success which attended Mr. James's clairvoyant discovery at Chicago, brought him many tempting offers to visit the oil-well region of Pennsylvania; but his uniform reply was—"Gentlemen, I must move in these matters as I am moved upon," and for some time he resisted all temptations. At length, when entranced at a spiritual circle, he said, "The time is near when we shall take this medium into that country, and open up a vast territory in strict harmony with the principles of geological science—a territory rich in this production not ever dreamed of now by oil companies. The oil stratum will be fully reached by drilling through the fourth sand So sure as the prophet said, 'The rocks shall pour forth rivers of oil,' so sure will this work when commenced eclipse all others in that direction."

On the 31st of October, 1866, Mr. James made his first visit to Pleasantville in Pennsylvania, accompanied by three gentlemen, to examine some property belonging to one of the party, situated three miles south of that town. "Seated in a carriage with Mr. Eaton, they had proceeded but a little distance when Mr. James became violently influenced by his attending spirit guides. . . . The control becoming absolute, he was taken over the fence into a lot on the east side of the road, moving rapidly, and his companions following Reaching a certain locality, he was thrown heavily upon the ground, and making a mark with his finger, he thrust a penny some inches into the earth, and then became stiff and apparently lifeless." Partially raised up by these unseen influences, he addressed those present, and said, "in language pointed and positive, that they were then upon a superior oil-producing

territory, extending many miles in a certain direction. That directly under their feet were flowing streams of oil, that if opened would yield rich supplies." The parties present staked out the spot, "and left the penny in the precise point indicated by the spirits." "Pleasantville, then a small quiet place, is situated on high land 500 feet above Oil-creek, and entirely out of the supposed petroleum regions." Many prophecies were made by the spirits through the lips of Abraham James, and among others, it was said "that remarkable changes would be wrought in the vicinity of Pleasantville within the next two or three years. Strangers would gather from different points; the streets would be lined with people; a vast amount of business would be done; many poor would exult in a competence; old buildings would be repaired and new ones erected; and the first well, though put down amid the sneers and the jeers of the thoughtless, would become the Mecca whither thousands would flock to behold the oil bubbling and flowing, as from a perpetual fountain."

The land being leased, Mr. James left Pennsylvania, visiting Boston and other cities, where he proclaimed the fact that the spirits had fixed upon the spot for commencing operations; and after the lapse of some months the necessary capital was obtained. The work was commenced on the 31st of August, 1867, and proceeded with incidental impediments, such as storms, frost congealing the water, and impairing the machinery; but at length in the early part of 1868 oil was struck, and speedily, within two years of the first discovery, every prediction made by the spirits was realised. Two other wells followed. The three were named by the spirits Harmonial Wells, Nos. 1, 2, & 3; and each one was yielding an average of 100 barrels per day. Mr. James has since "located" many others, and, contrary to all previous experience in the oil regions, there has been absolutely no failure in anything he has done in that district under the direction of his spirit guides. Land has risen in value from 200 dollars per acre to 2,500 dollars; the quiet village of but a year ago "has all the appearance, all the stir, thrift and enterprise of a Californian city." Thirty and forty stage coaches bring their passengers daily into its streets. Many that were poor have acquired within a few months large fortunes; and, in a word, the band of spirits who selected Abraham James as their medium, have proved their power and wisdom in unfolding nature's secrets, and thereby of accumulating sufficient wealth to carry Spiritualism throughout the land; Abraham James—who has the reputation of being an entirely unselfish man of high principles, intends "building halls; supporting libraries for children's Progressive Lyceums;

sustaining able and faithful lecturers; and spreading generally through wisest methods the principles of this true and beautiful philosophy."

Mr. Peebles, the writer of the narrative which I have epitomised, is himself a man of high character, and an earnest worker in the cause. He has visited Pleasantville, and vouches for the facts. He knows Abraham James intimately, and speaks of him as a man of sterling worth; of tender sympathies; of boundless liberality; and one who seeks only to know and do the will of God through and by his angelic messengers.

The progress of this great work will be regarded by all Spiritualists with deep interest. It is the commencement of a new era in the history of Spiritualism; wealth it appears is rapidly accumulating; the recipient has but to be faithful to his solemn trust and by diffusing this wealth through agencies in different parts of the world, Abraham James may speedily make the beneficent design of his spirit-guides an assured success.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

WITHIN the last two or three years a society bearing the above title has grown up in London, its object being (as we gather from its printed report) "the philosophical consideration of all subjects with a view to the discovery and elucidation of truth." The following remarks which also occur in the introduction to the report shew the excellent theory on which the Society is based:—

The London Dialectical Society will have effected much good, if, by its means, persons are made to feel that to profess a belief on a disputed question with regard to which they refuse to examine the evidence, is an act altogether unworthy of a rational being; and that the only method of arriving at truth is by submitting one's opinions to the test of unsparing and adverse criticism. Freedom of speech and thought are, not less than personal freedom, the natural birthright of all mankind. To refrain from uttering opinions because they are unpopular, betokens a certain amount of moral cowardice,—engendered by long-continued persecution. To state fearlessly the truth, or what we believe to be the truth, even though it be held only by a few, is the act of all who consider the exercise of private judgment a right, and the extension of human knowledge a duty. But society generally has not yet reached such a stage of progress, as to allow individuals to give expression to their honest and deliberate convictions, without inflicting upon them penalties more or less severe. The effect of this is to deter men from expressing opinions, which might be corrected if erroneous, and accepted if true. In the London Dialectical Society, however, not only will no person suffer obloquy on account of any opinion he may entertain or express, but he will be encouraged to lay before his fellow-members the fullest exposition of his views. Even if this were not so, it is to be hoped that Members of the Society will possess sufficient moral courage to disregard, in the interests of Truth, that social tyranny—the weapon of Ignorance and Intolerance.

"They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Let us be mindful of the fact, that throughout the whole history of the world, the voice of Authority has constantly opposed new truths; and with an earnest desire both to learn and teach, let us zealously follow the practice of Dialectics, unaffected by the praises of some, undeterred by the denunciations of others, but conscious of honesty and purity of motive, and desirous for the wisdom and happiness of Man.

On Wednesday evening, January 6th, the subject on which a paper was read, and discussion afterwards took place, was "Spiritualism." It will be seen, from the following brief account, how far some of the members were from carrying into practice the theory above quoted as the fundamental principle of the Society.

It is to be regretted that in a meeting composed to a very large extent of scientific men, none of those gentlemen of scientific repute who have embraced the doctrines of Spiritualism should have been present to speak in its defence; and we cannot but think it would have been a graceful act of courtesy on the part of the Society had they invited any of those gentlemen whose names were frequently mentioned during the discussion, e.g., Professor De Morgan, Mr. Varley, Mr. Wallace, Mr. W. Howitt, &c.

It must, however, in fairness, be said that Spiritualists could not complain on the whole of the way in which the subject was handled by this Society. The reader of the paper, Dr. Cameron, whilst fully conceding the reality of the phenomena, and repudiating the idea of trickery, confessed to the same difficulty as to the source of them to which Professor De Morgan pleads guilty in the preface to *From Matter to Spirit*. Dr. Cameron however, stated that he had devoted as much time as possible for the last ten years to an examination of the subject, and that he was "naughty enough" still to hold a *séance* on Sunday afternoon for its further elucidation. He spoke as any sensible man would speak of the absurdity of Faraday's theories of "involuntary muscular action," "unconscious cerebration, &c." and of the ridiculous requisitions he made to avoid Mr. Home's challenge; and also alluded with regret to the closeness with which Professor Tyndal followed in Faraday's steps by refusing to convince himself of the truth of the phenomena. He also dwelt on the statistics of the growth of Spiritualism in the United States in England and on the Continent. Dr. Edmunds in opening the discussion, made an allusion to a "crop of fools," for which he was promptly called to order, and then went on to confess that he also had entered on the study of Spiritualism, but with considerable prejudice in favour of the "laws of nature,"—

that is, the laws of nature *as understood by himself*. He had found Spiritualism run counter to these, and therefore it was all trickery and imposture, &c. Another gentleman followed in the same strain, adding that Spiritualists were generally men of no creed, were, in fact, Materialists who, in their unconscious strivings after *something* had lighted upon this, the last new heresy. A second was glad to notice the spread of Spiritualism, regarding it as "the last gasp" of Religionism altogether. Dr. Roberts shifted his ground in an illogical way from the truth of the phenomena to their *utility*, and repeated the original remark that when the spirits would warn him of the fluctuations of the money market he would believe in them. "Why did they not warn the passengers by the *London*," &c.? Decided Spiritualists were represented only by two speakers, whose names we failed to catch; but these did battle very fairly for their opinions, and many others declared themselves in favour of the truth of the phenomena, though they could not accept the spiritual explanation. Even Mr. Bradlaugh, while regarding spirit as only a product of the animal organization, confessed to having witnessed the facts laid claim to by Spiritualists under circumstances where delusion or imposture was impossible. Truly 'a Saul among the Prophets!'

The discussion proved so animated, and occupied so much time, that an application is to be made to the Council for its resumption on some subsequent evening. In the meantime a Committee is formed to meet and test the phenomena, and report progress at the adjourned debate.

This—although not much perhaps—strikes us as a step in the right direction. It is, at all events, breaking new ground. The subject is admitted as a possibility amongst a class of men too prone to mistake their knowledge of the "laws of nature" for those laws themselves, and to follow the unworthy example of a Tyndall or a Brewster, shutting their eyes to facts lest they should happen to discover something unpopular.

The Society meets on alternate Wednesdays at 32A, George Street, Hanover Square. The adjourned debate, therefore, cannot occur before the month of February, as Wednesday, January 20th, is already appropriated to the discussion of "The connection of Metaphysics with Theology." It may not be amiss, then, for those Spiritualists who feel an interest in the matter to obtain a report of the Society's proceedings from the Secretary, D. H. Dyte, Esq., at the above address; as a list of members is appended, and each member has the right of introducing a friend, whilst visitors as well as members take part in the discussion. It should also be added that ladies are admitted and invited to speak. If Mrs. Hardinge could only be pre-

vailed upon to avail herself of this privilege, she would be able to enlighten and please the members on both sides of the question.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE METROPOLIS.

THIS winter a series of weekly conferences on subjects of interest in connection with Modern Spiritualism was commenced in London; we believe the first of the kind in this country. It was tried as an experiment, and it has been eminently successful. The attendance has been good, and the interest so considerable, that at the close of the first series of six conferences, it was resolved to carry them on without interruption through the winter season; and funds were forthwith subscribed to continue them at Lawson's Rooms, 145, Gower Street, Euston Road, on Monday evenings, at eight o'clock.

Mr. Thomas Shorter, by request, delivered the Inaugural Address, in which, after advertizing to the circumstances in which the meetings had originated, he pointed out the need of these Conferences, the uses they might serve, and the spirit in which it was hoped they would be conducted.

The following subjects have engaged the attention of the Conference:—"What reliable evidence have we that Spirits commune with Man?" "What are the dangers of Spiritual Intercourse, and how may they be avoided?" "What are the best methods of obtaining Spirit-Communications?" "How may we promote Spiritualism in this Metropolis?" "Can the phenomena called 'Spirit-Manifestations' be accounted for on any other hypothesis than that of the agency of disembodied Spirits?" "What is Spiritualism?"

With two exceptions, the subject has each evening been opened, and at its close a *résumé* of the discussion has been given, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. Miss Houghton, Mrs. Spear, Messrs. Burns, Chevalier, Cooper, Harper, Home, Jencken, Knitesmith, Shorter, Simkiss, Spear, and others, have taken part in these discussions, which have elicited many interesting experiences, and much valuable argument.

Last summer the plan of a Spiritual Institute was circulated among the friends of Spiritualism in the Metropolis and the provinces. It was proposed to obtain a central building, which should combine with a publishing house a Lecture Hall, a Children's Lyceum, a library, rooms for committee meetings and *séances*, and a secretary's office for inquiry, and where a

Registry of Spiritualist Societies and Circles with their times and places of meeting, and of mediums, lecturers, and persons willing to correspond with and give information to enquirers, or who would otherwise assist the promotion of Spiritualism, might be kept for reference. Difficulties which could not be surmounted have for the present prevented the realization of this plan, for which, indeed, the time, perhaps, is not yet ripe; but many of its several parts have, on a small scale, been begun to be separately carried out. Mrs. C. H. Spear is in attendance daily from 12 to 3, and on Wednesday evenings from 7 to 10, at 26, Bryanstone Street, Hyde Park, where the principal books and periodicals relating to Spiritualism are on sale, and where information relating to Spiritualism may be obtained; and if secretaries and those who can give the requisite information as to their several localities will co-operate, a Registry of the kind indicated will be compiled.

Rooms have also been taken at 2, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, to serve as a Central Home, where *séances* are held every Thursday evening, and where committee and other small meetings may be held.

Mr. Burns, we understand, contemplates removing as early as practicable to a more central business position: we shall then have a publishing house, and a good library of works on Spiritualism, and progressive subjects generally, where they will be easily accessible, and so supply a want which has been long felt.

At the East end of London a few Spiritualists (consisting chiefly of working men) have formed themselves into the "East London Association of Spiritualists," and at their invitation Mrs. Hardinge has delivered three lectures on Spiritualism at the Stepney Temperance Hall, Mile End Road, with the best effect. The lectures were well attended, questions were asked by the audience, and both the lectures and the answers to questions gave great satisfaction. We commend the example of this Association to Spiritualists in other parts of the Metropolis and its neighbourhood.

As an instance of the interest Spiritualism is exciting in the Metropolis—even where it might be least expected—we may mention that "Spiritualism" has been the theme chosen for discussion by, and which (as shown in the preceding article) has greatly exercised, the Dialectical Society of London during the past month.

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

A spirited controversy on Spiritualism has been lately going on in the *North British Daily Mail*, but we do not see that either

the editor, or his colleagues in opposition to Spiritualism, make any new point against it, or do anything else, indeed, than repeat in the old way the current blunders and fallacies which have so often been corrected and exposed. Our friends in the North in this controversy have shown themselves well able to hold their own and something more—to advance their cause by the opening thus afforded them. In the metropolis we can afford to smile at such statements as that—Spiritualism is on the decline—that our meetings are less frequent—that we dare not openly avow our convictions—that Mrs. Hardinge is now silent, and the like. Our note on *Spiritualism in the Metropolis* (in type before seeing anything of this controversy) supplies some comment on these wild and reckless assertions, and our friends in Glasgow have been quite pointed and specific in denial and refutation of equally glaring mis-statements so far as they are concerned. The chief point of the opposition has been the very trite one, that some communications are unworthy of the spirits from whom they profess to emanate—a very fair specimen of what logicians call the *ignoratio elenchi*. The question not being as to the identity of the spirit with the name given in every instance (which no well-informed Spiritualist affirms), but whether these and other things are done by the agency of spirits. Besides wilful deception by spirits (for those who delight in falsehood and mystification here may carry on their practices in intercourse from the spirit-world) other sources of error and imperfections in these communications may exist; one of which—that of the communication being unconsciously influenced by the medium—is thus commented on by Clara Sherwood, one of the correspondents of the *North British Daily Mail* in this controversy:—

You will also see that, being transmitted through a medium, the message is very apt to become mixed up in some way, or influenced by the medium's peculiar ideas and phrases. To make this more plain—Mrs. A. conveys to Mrs. B. a thought in the form of a message intended for me. Mrs. B. writes it down and sends it to me, but on reading it I discover the taint. It is not a pure message from Mrs. A. to me; it has passed through a medium, and immediately I discover the handwriting, style, and phraseology of Mrs. B. Thus you will at once see the danger there is of the communication being influenced by the medium. Notice even the danger there is of mistakes occurring in the transmission of thoughts through the simple medium of words. I pause in the middle of a sentence, and thus entirely alter its meaning. I put the emphasis on a wrong word, and thus convey a wrong idea. Now the communications from spirits are subject to all this danger, and far more; whilst, on the other hand, there is a danger of our misunderstanding the message even if we receive it correctly, for much of the language of the spirits to us is necessarily symbolical, because if we were told its realities we could not understand them. How, for instance, would you describe a beautiful landscape to a man who had been born blind? Tell him of its green slopes and sunny skies, and he would ask what you meant by green and sunny. You must explain it symbolically to the senses he has got. Tell him it is beautiful to you like the touch of velvet, or sweet to you like the taste of honey, and, with explanation from you, he may partially understand you, but never entirely.

'We, then, are that blind man, receiving the truth in symbols. These may fail in conveying the whole truth, and we may fail in grasping that which they do convey, and because to us they appear confused, shall we say they are not spirit messages at all? It says little for the reasoning faculties of him who would do so.'

SPIRITUALISM.—MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—SPIRITISM.

It is customary with the opposition to disparage Spiritualism by calling it "Spiritism." The term, however, is incorrect and misleading. Spiritualism in its primitive and largest sense is, to adopt the dictionary definition of it, "The opposite to Materialism." It is the recognition of man as a spiritual being; and it embraces all facts and truths concerning man's spiritual nature, his future destiny, his relations to the spiritual world, and the world of spirits, and to God, the Father of Spirits. No inquiry which may throw light on these great themes is foreign to it. It thus underlies and is interwoven with all religion; it is the philosophy of the deepest thinkers of every age and clime. As remarked by Cousin, "it is the natural ally of all good causes; it sustains religious sentiment; it seconds true art; it is the support of right." It is a genuine and comprehensive term; and its spirit is catholic and progressive.

Modern Spiritualism is only a new reading of this old Gospel of Truth. It however brings it more closely home to the general apprehension and the common heart by sensuous demonstration and by proofs which appeal alike to the understanding and the affections; and perhaps by its more systematic and scientific methods of spirit manifestation, and of communion between spirits embodied and disembodied.

Spiritism is the name adopted by Allan Kardec and his followers: their most prominent and distinctive doctrine is that of re-incarnation, a doctrine which finds few adherents and little sympathy in England and America, and in France itself is vehemently opposed by M. Piérart and the Spiritualists in agreement with their brethren in England and America. To confound Spiritualism with Spiritism, then, is either ignorance or wilful misrepresentation; and is a gross abuse of terms, not unfrequently employed expressly to invoke prejudice, to degrade Spiritualism, to make it appear small and mean by restricting it to its rudimental phases only and cutting off all connection with its higher relations and uses. It is taking a part—and a very small part—for the whole. It is like giving to a universal religion the name used to designate the distinctive doctrines of a sect—as though, for instance, we were to use "Mormonism" as synonymous with "Christianity." In saying this, we mean

no disrespect to the Spiritists, who are well able to defend themselves. We wish only to mark the distinction between things different, and to expose a disingenuous artifice.

MATERNAL SPIRIT LOVE.

A distinguished physician, Dr. J. M. G., favours us with the subjoined narrative:—

“ The following *historiette* points most touchingly to the guardianship of the maternal spirit, whilst the mother’s body is mouldering in the soil. I had it from one to whom it was told by the widower whose wife the spirit had been on earth, and it is as authentic as any domestic event ever was. The mother’s love has always been held to be the most undying of all loves; here it is surviving her ashes:—About fifteen years ago, the wife of a gentleman who resided in Sussex, passed away in her confinement with her eleventh child. The widower, unable to endure the house, every room and passage of which recalled his loss to him so painfully, removed to another abode some twenty to thirty miles off, a few months after her departure. Before doing so his own sister had joined him and now had charge of his children. The house to which they removed was an old one, with odd in-and-out ways, and such as one would be inclined to explore. A day or two after the removal to it, the aunt of the children was busied in an upper room arranging furniture, books, &c., when four of the smaller children asked her permission to roam over the new house. It was given; but after an absence of an hour or more, the aunt began to wonder where they had got to, as she ceased to hear their voices. She searched the whole of the upper parts of the house in vain, and then, in some dismay, descended to the region of the cellars. In a passage leading to one of the cellars she came upon the children flushed with excitement, and all crying out together “ Oh, aunty, we have just seen mamma; and she put her hands up as if she didn’t wish us to go near her; she beckoned us to go back again; so we came.” “ Where did you see her?” “ In the dark room at the end of this passage.” The aunt went to the kitchen, lighted a candle, and told the children to lead her to the room. Arrived at it, she bid them tell her whereabouts in it they had seen their mamma, and they pointed out the exact spot. To this the aunt proceeded, candle in hand and cautiously, and to her horror discovered at the spot which the children had indicated, and from which the mother’s spirit had warned them, *a deep unguarded well*, into which they must all have fallen, had they gone on with their frolic search.

"I think this is one of the prettiest spirit stories I ever heard, and I can vouch for its truth. Spiritualists of any experience or thoughtfulness can comprehend how the spirit of the mother, stimulated by strong love and fond anxiety, might have the power of manifestation without the aid of a living fleshly medium; and they gather comfort from the *certainty* that loving footsteps are ever side by side with ours, and in circumstances of peril or trial, may give us palpable and visible evidence that their affection has not passed away with their chemical bodies."

SINGULAR DREAM.

Captain Hungerford told me a story relating to the father of Dr. John Grant, of Calcutta. The said father was a Highlander of the old school, and, returning one day much fatigued from visiting his haymakers, he sat down under the shadow of an old tower and fell asleep. He dreamed that he saw an old friend who had long been dead, and who held out his hand to him. Knowing that his friend had been dead some years, the old gentleman felt reluctant to take his hand, upon which he said, '*If you ever had any friendship for me, I entreat you to take my hand.*' Mr. Grant gave his hand, which was firmly seized, and he felt himself violently pulled up from his reclining position and dragged forward. He awoke with the shock, found himself on his feet a few paces from the tower, which immediately fell with a crash, and must have buried him in its ruins had he been still sleeping.—*Six Years in India.* By Mrs. COLIN MACKENZIE, pp. 182-3.

THE ROPE-UNTYING TRICK.

Everybody knows that the rope-untangling trick was the speciality of the Davenport Brothers, but everybody may not know that it was done infinitely better by the Indians of the Upper Missouri, long before either Jackson Hartz or the Davenports were born. A friend of ours, now residing in Alton who spent many years of his early life as an Indian trader in the Yellow Stone Region, informs us that the Assiniboin tribe were remarkably skilful at this "spiritual manifestation." He has frequently seen their chief "medicine man" allow himself to be stripped to his breech clout, tied at every joint, from toes to neck with buffalo thongs, then rolled in a blanket and tied again, then rolled in a buffalo robe and tied the third time, until he was apparently as helpless as a log. In this condition the "red-skinned medium" was placed in a small tent sur-

rounded by a ring of spectators, and an Indian drum, flute, and a gourd of water laid by his side. Within three minutes the drum and flute would be heard, and at the end of five "Mr. Lo" walked out untrammelled. And the men who tied him were whites, who had bet heavily against the performance of the feat.—*St. Louis Republican.*

FIRE TEST.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

" 15, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, S.W.

" SIR,—I state facts without explanation or comment.

" On the 27th December, I was sitting with nine other persons in my drawing-room. Mr. D. D. Home left the table, went to a bright fire, took thence a lump of "living coal," brought it red to the table, and placed it on my head: not a hair was singed, nor did I sustain any injury; the coal remained on my head about a minute. Mr. Home then took it and placed it in Mrs. Hall's hand without injury to her, and he afterwards placed it in the hands of two of our guests. The gas light and two candles were burning in the room. I add that the nine other persons present would depose to these facts. Your obedient Servant,

S. C. HALL.

[At the Conference at Lawson's Rooms, January 14th, Mr. H. D. Jencken, who was present on this occasion, publicly stated the facts here given by Mr. Hall; and added several instances of the same kind which he had witnessed. The Fire Test, he said, had now been seen recently at different times by more than fifty persons in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood.—EDITOR.]

A NEW ECSTATIC.

The *Impartial de Soignies* devotes five columns to a description of a new ecstatic, named Louise Lateau. It appears from the statement of the Belgian journal that for some months past this young girl presents every Friday the phenomena which are called the stigmata of the Passion. She has on her hands, feet, and over the heart sanguineous blisters which exude abundantly. The ordinary functions of life are suspended. The eyes open, and turned obliquely towards heaven, appear to be attentively fixed on some object. The pupils are dilated, the face is pale, the mouth partially opened, and the features express a sentiment of admiration, mingled with a sweet sorrow. At times the object she seems to contemplate produces a painful starting. When not in ecstasy, she is in catalepsy. At three o'clock she starts up all

at once, and suddenly flings herself on the flags, without the least attempt to protect her face with her hands. Yet she receives no injury. She remains for an hour in this horizontal position, her arms and feet crossed. About 4.30 she raises herself quickly without any assistance, her arms still in the form of a cross, as if some invisible power had placed her in this vertical position. She then falls on her knees, next sits down, and in about ten minutes the body is subjected to a kind of torsion, and the Ecstatic of Bois d'Haine—for so she is called—throws herself supine on the ground. Then it is that she is waked up; but to accomplish this the persons about her must belong to the Order of the Passion.—*Star, January 21st.*

MR. HOME'S MANIFESTATIONS.—LIFTING OF A HEAVY BOOK-CASE—EXTRACTING ALCOHOL—LEVITATION OF THE BODY.

We make the following extracts from a letter to *Human Nature* for January last, signed H. D. Jencken, and dated from Norwood. Mr. Jencken states that he has the narrative from the Hon. the — — :

Late in the month of November last the Hon. the — — was engaged sorting papers at the family residence in — Square; my friend was alone in his library, and deeply intent on his work, when loud raps aroused his attention; on looking round he noticed that the book-shelf, which was 12 feet by 3, full of books, and must have weighed upwards of half a ton, raised itself horizontally off the ground 12 to 15 inches, and then bumped on the floor as it descended with a crash, so loud as to bring up the housekeeper and servants from the adjoining rooms, who, alarmed at the noise, thought some accident had occurred. After a short pause raps came, and on asking what was meant the raps spelt out—"Go to Daniel." At first the gentleman doubted his senses, but finding the message quite distinct and intelligible, at once went to Ashley House, Victoria Street, where Mr. D. D. Home resides. On entering the room he found Mr. Home absent, only Lord — present, who had been for some time an invalid, confined to the house. Not finding Mr. Home, the Hon. the — — left, but being strongly impressed, as he describes it, returned about 11 p.m. By this time Mr. Home had returned, and, strange to say, all but impelled by the strong influence exerted upon him. So strangely brought together, the three seated themselves to see if the influences would produce any manifestation.

After the usual preparatory movements of the table, and raps unusually loud, Mr. Home passed into a trance state; suddenly rising up he stepped into the adjoining room, with a bottle of cognac and a wine glass; this he filled with brandy, and then, holding the glass high over his head, proceeded to the window. From the centre of the glass a bluish light appeared, increasing in intensity until finally a flame two or three inches long rose out of the glass, flickering up and down, at times becoming extinguished. Mr. H. was now raised bodily off the ground, so high that the flame point rising out of the glass appeared to touch the ceiling. After two or three minutes he descended to the floor, and then the phenomenon occurred of the brandy being extracted from the glass. The Hon. the — — says he could visibly see the brandy as it was extricated, but to satisfy Lord — of this, Mr. Home inverted the empty wine glass upon his lordship's hand. The same agency that had removed the liquid now poured it back into the glass, and the fluid, as it filled the glass, could be seen falling. The manifestation was repeated, accompanied by the click-clack sound of water falling; but this time, in all probability to satisfy Lord —, the fluid

was poured over his hand, then over Mr. Home's hand into the glass. Mr. H. then said they would extract the alcohol, and which at once took place, filling the room with the unmistakable odour of spirits of wine.

Mr. Home had placed himself at the window which he opened, and deliberately stepped upon the ledge outside, looking on to the street, some 80 feet below, with utter unconcern. The Honourable the — — said he shuddered, alarmed at what he was witnessing. Mr. Home noticing this stepped down and reproached his friend, saying—"Little faith, little faith; Daniel will not be injured!" After a few minutes Mr. Home deliberately stepped down from the ledge and re-entered the room, much to the relief of his two friends. The manifestations now closed, and Mr. Home awoke, as usual, very much exhausted. The first thing to do was to verify what had occurred with the brandy, and on examining the contents it was found that the alcohol had been completely extracted. This test was so far satisfactory, as it evidenced a former fact of the same kind which had happened to him.

APPARITION OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

The *Times*, a few weeks ago, in reviewing Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, relates the case of an apparition of an officer, who died in India, to a young English lady, which, it says, "has quite recently fallen under our own observation." It is thus related :—

A young English lady had been betrothed to an officer before his departure to the East. During her lover's absence she was taken abroad by her mother, and on their arrival late one evening at a French inn they found it necessary to occupy rooms on different floors. As Miss C— was in the act of getting into bed late at night, she suddenly beheld the form of her lover standing in a remote corner of her chamber. His countenance was extremely sad, and she observed that round his right arm he wore a band of crape. Indignant at the conduct of her betrothed in entering her sleeping apartment, she called on him loudly to depart; the form of her lover remained speechless, but as she lifted up her voice his brow grew yet sadder, and as he glided silently out of the room he seemed a prey to the gloomiest feelings. After a time Miss C— summoned up sufficient courage to descend to her mother and recite her adventure. They caused diligent search to be made for the returned officer, but without success. Nor could the smallest trace of him be afterwards discovered. Several weeks later the young lady received the news of her lover's death in a general action in India.

LIFE SAVED BY A SPIRITUAL WARNING.

Mr. David S. Fuller, in a letter to the *Banner of Light*, Boston, written from Davenport, Iona, under date of November 13th, 1868, and published December 12th, writes thus :—

"In your issue of Oct. 10th, in an article from Des Moines, you make mention of the mediumship of Mrs. Hattie P. Glover, (who is now located here as a clairvoyant physician and medium.) Although she does not claim to be a test medium, she has a list of over twelve hundred names, mostly persons in this State, to whom she has given tests in the last two years, many of which are much more pointed and perfect than the one I am about to relate. I am an engineer, and have run the engine I am about to speak of nearly six years. On the evening of Oct. 27th, while receiving a communication (through Mrs. Glover) she said, 'You are in much danger of being killed before many days.' She then described a steam-boiler, the inside of which presented a foaming, gaseous appearance, and said the accident would result from that; but my spirit-friends

would try to warn me in time to avert it. I knew it meant an explosion. One week after, while about my work, an impression that seemed an audible voice came to me saying, 'Stop it.' I obeyed quickly, and stopped the engine, for I remembered the warning; found on examination my pumps choked, and the water in the boiler frothing, so that it appeared to be above the middle gauge. After wetting my fire out, I found my boiler nearly empty. I cannot too sincerely thank my spirit-friends for this warning. Five minutes later, and I should never have written this article.

"Once before I was saved from a similar accident by impressions from spirits through myself. I am at times impresible, and have been used to heal by laying on of hands."

A SPIRITUAL VISIT.

The other day, in a case heard before the Sheriff at Dundee, it turned out that a husband, who was supposed to have been dead years ago, had returned to his wife after an absence of nearly fifteen years. The husband's story was curious. He said he had believed his wife to be dead, and remained wandering in South America. He then added:—"In the latter part of October, 1867, while lying in bed one fine night, I fancied I saw the form of a female figure approaching my bedside. I at first thought it was a thief, which made me grasp my revolver from under my pillow, where I always keep it at night ready for any emergency. Well, the form of a female stood by my bedside, and said, in a low voice, 'Robert, go to Dundee!' repeating the words twice. It seemed to glide towards the door, which was in the darkest part of the room, and vanished. The vision caused me great uneasiness; night and day it was never out of my mind, until at last I resolved to ship in some vessel, and proceed to Dundee as soon as possible."

A STRANGE DREAM.

An Australian paper, the *Albury Banner*, recently told a singular tale. Several months ago a man named Piall was accidentally drowned in the Murray at Thologolong and his body was not recovered for some weeks afterwards. Some time after Piall had been drowned, a boundary rider on the station named Greenwood told persons that he had dreamt that he was fishing in the Murray, and that the deceased appeared to him on the bank of the river and asked him what he was doing there. Greenwood, in his dream replied, "Oh, I am fishing for your body, as I hear you are drowned." "You needn't look there," said the shade of the drowned man, "my body is lying on yon log," at the same time pointing towards the place where the body was afterwards found.

THE TIMES ON DEMONOLOGY—DREAMS—BIBLE MIRACLES—GHOSTS AND SPIRIT-RAPPING.

MESSRS. TEGG have been re-publishing Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and the *Times* of 26th December last gives a whole page to a review of the subject. In the course of this, the reviewer gives us a notion of his capacity for the office he has undertaken; and in his out-spoken, easy way settles several incidental questions, which have hitherto been considered important. We beg our readers to listen to the oracle:—

Magic has died out, but its place has been usurped by newer forms of superstition, and although the popular errors of our day have not the same importance for the historian, they possess a painful interest to the philosopher. . . .

The causes of the belief in demons and witches lie deep in the human heart. The belief in the immortality of the soul is the main inducement to credit the occasional appearance of spirits.

The phenomena of dreams shew us how often supernatural apparitions are presented to the sleeping sense. Sometimes the patient may retain sufficient consciousness as to recognize the familiar objects around him, and in such a case it becomes futile to argue with him against the reality of his dream. The undeniable facts lend weight to those to which we cannot reasonably assent. Again, if such an event as the death of the person dreamt of should occur so as to correspond with the nature and the period of the apparition, the mere coincidence seems perfect and the evidence complete. But if we consider how often such coincidences must occur, since dreams almost always refer to the accomplishment of the ideas which absorb the mind when awake, we need not experience the smallest surprise.

The broad truth now universally recognized by educated persons in all countries, that we cannot accept the authority of Scripture in matters of physical science, and that it is therefore idle to quote the Old or New Testament to establish a scientific doctrine, was hardly recognized in its fulness by Sir Walter Scott. He is at pains to discover whether the "wise men of Pharaoh were sorcerers or conjurors; whether they obtained their art from supernatural powers or from sleight-of-hand." For our own part, we do not hesitate to reply, from the latter. The Egyptians were a cunning and a crafty people, and, for aught we know, they may have acquired the art of legerdemain ten thousand years ago. What more probable, then, than that they who lived by the impostures of Isis should pretend in other matters to the possession of supernatural powers?

The explanation of the phenomenon is easy. The female choristers were placed and sang in an adjoining room, and our hero fired at their reflection which had been thrown into the room by a concave mirror. *And either in this manner, or through some physical causes we believe all apparitions of ghosts may be explained.*

What we have said of ghosts and witches will apply equally well to the modern forms of superstition—spirit-calling and rapping, mesmerism, and chiromancy. The nearest approximation to exact evidence in this case generally is the word of some person who has himself received the story at second hand, or even often who is merely acquainted generally with the persons to whom the events happened, or with the localities mentioned. In the so-called "spirit-rapping," in the vast majority of cases the professor of the art—in their language the medium—is a mere mercenary cheat, who enriches himself at the expense of the credulous vulgar.

We have dwelt long upon this case, both because it shews in a remarkable manner the credulity of even some well-educated and cultivated minds, and the simple explanation which can be often applied to the most startling appearances.

We cannot help wishing that the reviewer had given us his name. If we can find it out we will certainly make it public. To us it reads like the joint production of Professor Tyndall and his friend Mr. Palgrave. At all events it is foolish enough for both of them put together, with a touch of Dr. Smellfungus besides.

TWO REMARKABLE DREAMS.

THE CORPSE IN THE CELLAR.

MR. JOHN TAYLOR, the author of *Monsieur Tonson*, and who, in 1832, published his life, abounding with anecdotes of celebrated actors and actresses, relates the following circumstances, on what he affirms to be most reliable authority. The first relation he received from a Mr. Donaldson, a man well known in his day, and to whom this matter was communicated by the gentleman to whom it happened. This gentleman was a Member of Parliament, and in order to attend the House of Commons, had taken apartments in St. Anne's Church-yard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised, and caused him a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked if he wanted anything before he retired to rest. Disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress kept him long awake. At length he fell asleep and dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream, co-operating with the unfavorable, or rather repulsive, countenances and demeanour of the two women, banished all further sleep, and it being summer time, he arose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit so suspicious a house. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for going out so early. He told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishops-gate Street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to depart, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. In a few hours afterwards he returned with a friend, to whom he

had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and mistress, who only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors. However, on entering the house, they found it deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found the corpse in the state represented in the gentleman's dream.—*Taylor's "Records of My Life,"* Vol. I., p. 66.

SECOND DREAM.—THE GAROTTER.

"The other extraordinary story," says Mr. Taylor, "I heard from what I consider unimpeachable authority. Mrs. Brooke, whom I have already mentioned, said she was drinking tea one evening, in Fleet Street, when a medical man was expected, but did not arrive till late. Apologising for his delay, he said he had attended a lady who was suffering under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty of swallowing. She traced the cause to the following circumstance. When she was a young woman, one night, sleeping with her mother, she dreamed that she was on the roof of a church struggling with a man, who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a carter's frock, and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again; but the impression of her dream prevented the return of sleep. In the evening of the following day she had appointed to meet her lover at a bowling green, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement was ended. She had passed over one field, and sung as she tripped along, when she entered the second, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld in the corner of the field just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a carter's frock, with red hair, and apparently coming towards her; her agitation was so great that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with great difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sate on the stile to recover herself, and reflecting that the man might be harmless, she was afraid that her flight on seeing him might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head; whilst so thinking, the man had reached the stile, and seizing her by her neck, he dragged her over the stile, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had pulled off all her clothes, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately, a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others who were approaching, and it was immediately raised. It was evidently not dead; and some of the party remarking that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others

to endeavour to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some at no great distance saw a man at a public house sitting with a bundle before him; his alarm at the sight of the gentlemen determined them to examine the bundle, in which they found the lady's dress. They, of course, seized the villain, and took him before the magistrates. As soon as the lady was sufficiently recovered to give evidence, he was brought up. Immediately on seeing him the lady fainted in terror. On her revival she gave decisive evidence against him. He was committed for trial, condemned, and executed."

The medical man added, that when the lady had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the frightful event occurred. At length her throat had become so contracted that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance. Mrs. Brooke never had an opportunity of knowing more of the lady.—*Ibid*, p. 67.

Notices of Books.

RECENT WORKS OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.*

THESE three latest works of Mr. Davis are all in some degree, though in different ways, autobiographical, and have an interest in that connection, apart from the consideration of their immediate subjects. What is said of one of them in the introduction might truly be said of all, that they are to some extent a continuation of *The Magic Staff*, in which Mr. Davis records his earlier experiences.

The *Memoranda* (as the title implies) is mainly, though not altogether occupied with a statement of the external facts of the writer's personal history; the others give us more the revelation of his inner life—the autobiography of the spirit—its flounderings through the Slough of Despond, its ascent of the Hill Difficulty, and its passage over the Delectable Mountains

* *A Stellar Key to the Summer Land, Part I. Illustrated with Diagrams and Engravings of Celestial Scenery.*

Arabula; or the Divine Guest; containing a New Collection of Gospels.
Memoranda of Persons, Places, and Events, embracing Authentic Facts, Visions, Impressions, Discoveries in Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism. Also Quotations from the Opposition, with an Appendix, containing Zschokke's Story of Hortensia. Boston: White and Co. London: May be had of J. BURNS, Camberwell.

towards the "Summer Land," of which Mr. Davis in one of these volumes presents us with *A Stellar Key*.

"This volume," in the words of its author, "is designed to furnish Scientific and Philosophical Evidences of the Existence of an Inhabitable Sphere or Zone among the Suns and Planets of Space;"— a circular belt of refined and stratified matter, to which Mr. Davis gives the name "The Summer Land." He assures us that according to his most careful examination of its physical structure, "the fertile soils, and the lovely groves and rivers and flowers which infinitely diversify the landscapes, are *constituted of particles that were once in human bodies!*" These emanations, like the lights and flowers of crystals and magnets, flow forth unceasingly in millions of tons daily, into the soils of the celestial lands." We are further told that "the spirit-world is made up of the aggregate emanations, in zonal forms, of all the teeming planets of our great circle of suns, each one of which contributes its quota of spiritualized elements. . . . You may see these emanations, by means of spirit-vision, sweeping toward the South Pole, surging toward the spiritual zone, moving upward into the vast magnificent ocean of the spirit-sphere, and thus forming a vast zonal circle." Mr. Davis "has seen the flaming aura of these forms in Nature," which Science by means of the Spectrum-Analysis is now demonstrating. "And what is most remarkable and memorable is, that the seven ascending scales of spiritual zones, with their intervals of suns and planets, were discerned and described by the author, just as they were seen before he lived, and as they have been frequently perceived and pictured by others since his first account was published." And this, too, not only independently of each other, but without any external knowledge or hint of the geometrical law by which Mr. Davis considers the truth of this discovery is explained and demonstrated.

The Spiritual Universe then, according to Mr. Davis, is built up by geometrical law of emanations from the suns and planets, their products and inhabitants. The Physical Universe itself being an effect of spiritual causation through the region of "essences" which is "the region of 'magnetisms,' the true 'link' in the chain which unites the positive side or 'mind' to the negative side or 'matter.'" "This spiritualising process must repeat on a higher scale, in reverse order, the cycle of the career of world building." The ascending process from matter to spirit thus corresponding to the descent from spirit to matter, with this difference, that spiritual force or life proceeding from its central source takes form through matter and becomes individualised.

"The plane of solids is reached by the continuous degrees of

ascending action of the primordial positive Powers;" for "everything is rooted and grounded in spirit;" the physical universe "is nothing but the covering, the material garment, the organized body of that more interior and spiritual universe which was 'not made with hands eternal in the heavens.'" Thence the correspondence between the "Summer Land" and the Winter Land—as we suppose Earth in the comparison may be designated. We may here quote the very beautiful and touching testimony of a dying child, which Mr. Davis adduces as corroborative evidence of his view of the Summer Land:—

The little child was dying. His weary limbs were racked with pain no more. The flush was fading from his thin cheeks, and the fever that for many days had been drying up his blood, was now cooling rapidly under the touch of the icy hand that was upon him.

There were sounds of bitter but suppressed grief in that dim chamber, for the dying little one was very dear to many hearts. They knew that he was departing, and the thought was hard to bear; but they tried to command their feelings, that they might not disturb the last moments of their darling.

The father and mother, and the kind physician, stood beside dear Eddy's bed, and watched his heavy breathing. He had been silent for some time, and appeared to sleep. They thought it might be thus that he would pass away, but suddenly his mild blue eyes opened wide and clear, and a beautiful smile broke over his features. He looked upward and forward at first, and then, turning his eyes upon his mother's face, said, in a sweet voice:

"Mother, what is the name of that beautiful country that I see away beyond the mountains—the *high* mountains?"

"I can see nothing, my child," said the mother; "there are no mountains in sight of our home."

"Look *there*, dear mother," said the child, pointing upward; "yonder are the mountains. Can you not see them now?" he asked, in tones of the greatest astonishment, as his mother shook her head.

"They are so near me now—so large and high, and behind them the country looks so beautiful, and the people are so happy—*there are no sick children there*. Papa, can you not see behind the mountains? Tell me the name of that land!"

The parents glanced at each other, and with united voice, replied:

"The Land you see is Heaven, is it not, my child?"

"Yes, it is Heaven. I thought that must be its name. Oh, let me go—but how shall I cross those mountains? Father, will you not carry me, for they call me from the other side, and I *must* go."

There was not a dry eye in that chamber, and upon every heart fell a solemn awe, as if the curtain which concealed its mysteries was about to be withdrawn.

"My son," said the father, "will you stay with us a little while longer? You shall cross the mountains soon, but in stronger arms than mine. Wait, stay with your mother a little longer; see how she weeps at the thought of losing you!"

"Oh, mother! oh, father! do not cry, but come with me, and cross the mountains—oh, come!" and thus he entreated, with a strength and earnestness which astonished all.

The chamber was filled with wondering and awe-stricken friends. At length he turned to his mother, with a face beaming with rapturous delight, and, stretching out his little arms to her for one last embrace, he cried: "Good-by, mother, I am going; but don't you be afraid—the *strong man has come to carry me over the mountains!*"

In brief, then, the *Stellar Key* may be considered as a treatise on *Spiritual Astronomy*, based on the most recent discoveries of astronomical science (of which so far as the writer deems it

bearing on his subject an admirable synopsis is presented), and his own clairvoyant perceptions confirmed by the testimony of other seers. We have not space to present his reasonings, and as this volume is only Part I. of what promises to be an extended work, it would be premature to judge of its conclusions. The theme is captivating, and the author's speculations have the boldness and freedom which distinguish all his writings. It is certainly one of the most interesting volumes, and when completed, the work will probably be one of the most valuable, that he has written.

In the *Stellar Key* we see something of the intellectual aspect and history of Mr. Davis's mind: in *Arabula* it is presented to us chiefly on the moral and spiritual side. *Arabula* is a record of experiences both personal and representative. In the one work intellect wanders through immensity, guided by "the light of stars," in search of the "Summer Land;" in the other the soul seeks for guidance from the Father of Light, that by the light within it may, though it be through darkness and stumbling mid devious paths, attain to Truth, and after all its weary wanderings find peace and rest.

Arabula is *The Light*—"The light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,"—the *Logos*,—the *Word*,—the *Divine Sophia* or *Wisdom*,—the *Holy Spirit*; the Divine Guest which by whatever name it may be called descendeth from the "heaven of many mansions," redeeming the world, warring with and overcoming its evils, and, as men listen to its soft pleadings, lifting them ever more and nearer into the light of God.

In the selfishness of the instincts and the unregenerate intellect Mr. Davis finds the prime source of all evil in human society. It is "the original sin, the Mephistopheles that overshadows the glory of human nature." He beholds "the dark breathings of universal selfishness poisoning the very air with evil emanations—blinding, polluting, degrading, and filling with torment and consuming anxiety every human heart." This is "the opponent of *Arabula*—the devil of selfishness who fought and fled the presence of the Light of the World."

"While in the superior condition," Mr. Davis did not marvel "because the *Arabula* had said, and was always saying, to man's materialistic intellect: 'You must be born again.' Indeed, intuitively realizing with my impersonal consciousness, as I reverently did, the existence of the grand cardinal ideas and the inherent omniscience of the unchangeable principles of infinity, I should have marvelled if the Light had not said to human ignorance and selfishness, 'Ye must be born again.'"

Here, as it seems to us, we have the very central truth of all deep true religious teaching. It is the Christian Gospel

proclaimed in the language of a seer and teacher of the nineteenth century; and it is worth more than all the "New Gospels" of the "uncanonized Saints," with which in this volume Mr. Davis has favoured us.

Many portions of the work—interesting as they are—are only held together by some slight thread of association in the personal experience of the writer, and would well admit of detachment and separate publication. Such is the case with the chapter entitled "God revealed to Intellect," which in certain quarters might be circulated with advantage, and which we would especially commend to the consideration of those professed disciples of Mr. Davis who teach that "our theology may admit of a personal God or not," as though it were quite a matter of uncertainty or indifference; and as if without the recognition of a personal God, theology were even possible. The circumstance which led Mr. Davis to the construction of his argument is thus related by him:—

One beautiful evening in May I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favourite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distant West arose, with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an offshoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most starry dreams. It had laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I wept to think that it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, "God geometrizes." "Vain revery!" I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number; its green calyx had five parts; its delicate corol was five-parted, with rays expanding like those of the Texan star. This combination of five three times in the same blossom appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—"God geometrizes." There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light: I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three *equations* of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewing them with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs trilling their cheery farewells to departing day—"Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God!" Thus perished the last,

doubt of the sceptic. Having found the Infinite Father, I found also myself and my beloved ones—all, once more.*

The collection of so-called "Gospels" which Mr. Davis has incorporated in *Arabula* as illustrating its spirit, consists of passages mostly interesting and some valuable, from various writers, ancient and modern, chiefly American, thrown into a shape which we think is not indicative of good taste, to say nothing of the respect due to the sincere, if mistaken, religious feelings of the community in general. In name, form, headings, type, and division into chapter and verse, it suggests a travesty of the New Testament writers: the extracts from Theodore Parker being called "The Gospel according to St. Theodore;" those from Eliza W. Farnham, "The Gospel according to St. Eliza," and so forth; the whole thing looking like the irreverent joke (not an original or a very brilliant one) of some smart pupil of the Children's Lyceum; and is quite unworthy of Mr. Davis, as a philosopher. It is a blunder, too, the more to be regretted that it will confirm the prejudices needlessly excited against the book by the stale objections to the Bible which Mr. Davis therein goes out of his way to retail at second-hand.

In these works we note also an occasionally vague and shifting sense in the use of terms with which, if not very careful,

* The above anecdote calls to mind the touching incident related by the celebrated African traveller, Mungo Park. He says:—

"After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me; for they said they had never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Libidooloo, the frontier town of the Kingdom of Manding."

the reader may be much perplexed, as in the words, "Matter," "Mind;" "Nature," "Spirit;" which are sometimes used as inconvertible antitheses, sometimes as correlatives.

Thus, Mr. Davis tells us "Mind has been called 'immaterial;' but it is as much material as anything else. All things are really the same thing. Matter and soul, though said to be so different, actually consist of the same principle, though in different degrees of development. Soul is a more attenuated form of matter, this accounts for the imperceptibility of soul by the physical eye." This looks explicit; mind or soul (in the foregoing extract the two terms are used indifferently) it would seem are regarded only as highly refined matter, and as you convert ice into water, and that again into steam, so you have only to apply a sufficient degree of heat to further convert steam into soul; and by the reverse process to reconvert a soul into steam, and thence condense it into a block of ice; as "the two actually consist of the same principle, though in different degrees of development." Mr. Davis indeed anticipates and expressly guards against a misconception that would land us in such an absurdity, assuring us that "This is not our meaning; nor is it true in any logical sense. Our philosophy is that the universe is a twofold unity—two eternal manifestations of two substances which, at heart, are One, but eternally *twain* in 'the realms of Cause and Effect.'". But in the very next sentence to that in which this correction occurs, Mr. Davis lapses into the same confusion of expression which he foresees would, if uncorrected, lead to a misapprehension; and again speaks of Matter and Mind as "interchangeable, convertible, essentially identical." What we apprehend Mr. Davis really means is this:—there is one primordial substance proceeding from Deity (not "two eternal manifestations of two substances") discreted into two forms of manifestation—Spirit, and Matter. Is there no term to difference these?

Mr. Davis tells us (and puts it in capitals), **SPIRIT** is **SUBSTANCE**; and he speaks of the "*Substantiality* of the Summer Land." He cautions us that matter is a word which ought to be applied not to the original substratum of things, but, only to the *form* or *body* of things. The distinction between spirit as substratum, permanent substance, as distinguished from evanescent body or form, is one on which Coleridge (following the best philosophers of Germany) strongly insisted; it guards alike against the abstractions of the metaphysician and the Naturalism of the Materialist and the Pantheist. This distinction strictly and uniformly adhered to would have precluded such terms as "material immateriality," the "physical structure" of the Summer Land, and so forth. The charge of Materialism and Pantheism

has often been brought against the writings of Mr. Davis, and they are perhaps generally regarded as having this tendency; a conclusion which, so far at least as these his latest writings is concerned, we believe to be without foundation,—a misconception which probably a more careful use of terms would have gone far to have prevented.

The error, we may even say the absurdity of regarding matter and spirit as the same thing, but in different stages of development, matter being only a grosser form of spirit which can, and is by sublimation transformed into spirit, is evidenced in the clairvoyant experience of Mr. Davis and other seers.* When physical dissolution occurs, the body of man is not sublimated into a spirit, but the spirit is separated from the material body which is buried in the earth, while the spirit comes into its own sphere of existence; thus demonstrating a perfect distinctness between the natural and the spiritual part of man. The spirit is *eliminated* from the body,—drawn forth an entire man, leaving behind all of the material body. And therefore the two are distinctly separate substances, which are not to be confounded together.

Now what is true of the relative nature of the spirit to the material body, is also true of all spiritual substances in relation to matter. They are distinctly separate from each other, "Ever separate, yet for ever near." There are intermediates—connecting links between the spiritual and the natural world; yet both worlds are so separated that the one can never merge into and become the other.

Reverting to our original point of view, and regarding these latest works of Mr. Davis as an autobiography of the inner life of the writer, they, on the whole, indicate a marked growth in knowledge, in culture, and in power; and as compared with his former writings, they evince a spirit of reverence, a deeper moral and spiritual insight, and, consequently, clearer, larger, higher perceptions of Truth and Duty.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

PROFESSOR K—, of Strasburg University, M.D., at a dinner party at Frankfort on the Maine, warmly combated the idea of supernatural visitations,—while one of the guests, an army captain, argued in favour of their appearance. The latter requested the Professor to accompany him to his country house,

* See, for instance, *The Philosophy of Death*, reprinted from Mr. Davis's work, *The Great Harmonia*, Vol. I., p. 163.

near which the former traced a large circle on the ground, and left the Professor by himself, with the following caution:—“If you step beyond this circle it will be your immediate destruction.” Shortly afterwards a small spark of fire seemed to approach the circle, when the Captain “seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere, every object became invisible except a remarkable figure, with a terrific brilliancy gleaming from its eyes.” He fell prostrate on the ground, and, shortly afterwards, the light gradually disappeared, and the host re-appeared. After supper, K. explained the whole circumstance to the Captain, who—shortly afterwards—saw the entrance of the same figure, with a terrific frown. A large dog whined and trembled, and both K. and his friend followed the apparition to the spot where the circle was traced. There the figure stopped, and a sudden bright column of light shot up. A shriek was heard, and a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height. Darkness prevailed, and, upon obtaining light, the almost lifeless body of the Captain was found on the ground, and he died a few days afterwards. “Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and the sudden death (according to the narrator in the *European Magazine* for the year 1821,) was attributed to apoplexy.”

Dr. Yarborough, Rector of Tewin, Herts, received the following story from General Sabine, Governor of Gibraltar:—“A person of honour, veracity, and good sense, once when dangerously ill of his wounds, as he lay awake with a candle lighted in his room, he saw the curtains drawn back, and his wife—then in England—presented herself to his view at the opening of the curtains, and then disappeared. He was amazed and deeply affected at the sudden sight. Shortly afterwards he received from England news of her death at about the same time when he had seen the phenomenon. He continued ever afterwards convinced of the certainty of apparitions. This event occurred about the year 1780, and was much noticed at the time of its occurrence.

CHR. COOKE.
